

T H E
NEW ENTERTAINING

Frisky Songster;

O R,

MUSES HOLIDAY.

BEING A
COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE

English, Scots, and Irish

Songs, Catches, &c.

CONTAINING

The best of those which have been sung at the
public Places of Amusement from the Year
1700 down to the present Time, and inter-
•sperfed with several Originals.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. BALWIN, J. HAWES,
T. AMON, and J. SAYER.



T H E
NEW ENTERTAINING
FRISKY SONGSTER;
O R,
M U S E S H O L I D A Y.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Written by Dr. PERCY.



Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen with me to go;
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care;
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And chear with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

 VARIETY IS CHARMING.

I'M in love with twenty
 I'm in love with twenty,
 And could adore
 As many more,
 For nothing's like a plenty.
 Variety is charming,
 Variety is charming,
 And constancy
 Is not for me,
 So ladies you have warning.

S O N G S T E R.

5

He that has but one love,
Looks as poor
As any beor,
Or like a man with one glove.
Variety, &c.

Not the fine regalia
Of eastern kings,
The poet sings,
But oh! the fine seraglio.
Variety, &c.

Girls grow old and ugly,
And can't inspire
The same desire,
As when they're young and smugly.
Variety, &c.

Why has Cupid pinions;
If not to fly
Through all the sky,
And see his favourite minions.
Variety, &c.

Love was born of beauty,
And when she goes,
The urchin knows,
To follow is his duty.
Variety, &c.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. BARNSHAW at the GROTTO GARDENS.

The words by Mr. BOYCE. Set by Mr. BREWSTER.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn.
 And bids the hunter rise ;
 The opening hound, returns the sound,
 And eccho fills the skies ;
 And eccho fills the skies.
 See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
 On yond' blue mountain's brow ;
 The neighing steed, invokes our speed,
 And reynard trembles now ;
 The neighing steed, invokes our speed,
 And reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as story says,
 The woods our fathers fought ;
 The rustic race ador'd the chace,
 And hunted as they fought.
 Come let's away, make no delay,
 Enjoy the forest's charms ;
 Then o'er the bowl, expand the soul,
 And rest in Cloe's arms.

SONGSTER.

T

BE QUIET.

Sung by Mr. SUETT at the GROTTO GARDENS.

Musick by Mr. BREWSTER.

AS to'ther day young Damon came,
Where Cloe sat demure,
He sigh'd and gaz'd to own his flame,
For love had struck him sure.
His awkward mein amaz'd the fair,
Which he, no doubt, seem'd shy at,
And when he prais'd her shape and air,
She answer'd, swain, be quiet, be quiet,
She answer'd, swain, be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, O be not coy,
Nor deem my meaning rude,
Let love like mine thy mind employ,
True love can ne'er intrude.
Her hand he then assay'd to kiss,
Which, frowning, she cry'd, fie at,
And when he struggled for the bliss,
'Twas be a little quiet.

The swain perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
And boldly grasp'd her hand,
The nymph was forc'd to own the flame,
And join'd in Hymen's band,
Alas ! how chang'd each wedded pair !
The power of words they try at,
Now Damon has not one to spare,
But pray, dear wife, be quiet.

Sung by Mr DUNSTALL, in Love in a Village.

A Plague of those wenches ! they make such a
pothor,

When once they have let a man have his will ;
They're always a whining for something or other,

And cry, he's unkind in his carriage.

What tho'f he speak 'em ne'er so fairly,

Still they keep teasing, teasing on,

You cannot persuade 'em,

'Till promise you've made 'em ;

And after the've got it,

They'll tell you——ad rot it !

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone ;

And then, to be sure, fir,

There is but one cure, fir,

And all their discourse is of marriage.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

MY Nancy quits the rural plain,
And kindly seeks her faithful swain,
Who, 'midst the din of war's alarms,
His much-lov'd country calls to arms.

Of old, when heroes sally'd forth,
To rescue innocence and worth,
The fair one's image in the heart,
Could vigour to their nerves impart :

SONGSTER.

9

Then what superior laurels, now,
Must grace the happy soldier's brow;
Blest with her presence in the field,
To whom alone his heart can yield!



THE CAMP-MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,
The drum had beat a revelly,
And jolly soldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camp slept safe and sound:
Only one poor soldier, who,
Nought but love could e'er subdue,
Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
There to vent his complaints of love.

For women are whimsical, changeable things,
Their sweets, like the bee's, are mingled with stings;
They're not to be got without toil, care and cost,
They're hard to be won and are easily lost.
In seeking a fair-one, I found, to my smart,
I know not the way, but I lost my own heart.

Ah! hapless, hapless day,
That e'er I saw fair Biddy;
My heart she stole away,
My head she turn'd quite giddy.
The world may laugh and stare,
'Tis truly strange to see,
A lover so sincere,
A swain admir'd like me.

She's graceful, tall and slender,
She's brighter than the sun;
Her looks are soft and tender,
But oh! her heart's of stone:
Nor tears, nor sighs can move her;
My bleeding heart she sees,
She knows too well I love her,
In vain I strive to please.

Too vainly once I thought
To gain the lovely charmer,
And every method sought,
In hopes to win and warm her;
But all my hopes are over!
What charms then can I try?
But, like a hapless lover,
I'll set me down and die.

As on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In armour bright and gay,
And thus to him did say:

Rise, soldier, rise,
The drum has beat to arms,
Hark to her loud alarms!
Hang her beauty,
Mind your duty,
Think not of her charms.

Rise, soldier, rise,
I'll take you by the hand,

And I'll lead you thro' the land ;
I'll give you the command
Of a well chosen band.

Don't be stupid,
Drive away Cupid,
Follow Minerva's wife advice.

Soldier, go home, go home,
Nor mind your mistress's scorn ;
Slight, slight her again ;
For slighted vows should slight return.

The foldier thus rous'd from his amorous sloth,
Hasted away to his duty ;
Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never more think of her beauty.
Batchelor bluff, batchelor bluff ;
Heigh for a heart that is rugged and tough.

He that is single can never wear horns ;
He that is single is happy ;
He that is married lies upon thorns,
And always is ragged and shabby.
Batchelor bluff, &c.

He that is single, he fears not the rout,
Nothing can to him be sweeter ;
He has no wife that can wimper and pout,
Or cry, Can you leave me, dear creature.
Batchelor bluff, &c.

Ye belles and flirts, so smart and fair,
Say, are not soldiers form'd for love ?

For you shall find them all sincere,
Would you but kind and constant prove :
But if you slight their passion still,
And tyrannise o'er hearts so true,
Depend upon't they'll all rebel,
And will not care one fig for you.

Ah ! hold your foolish tongue
A little laughing Cupid said,
Have you not heard it sung,
That constancy will win a maid ?
And what on earth would ever prove
Superior to the joys of love !

Let wisdom preach in schools,
For what has she with love to do ;
We go not by such rules :
Unbounded pleasure we pursue ;
On rosy wine our fancies fly ;
We ev'ry worldly care defy.

Let Mars in council boast,
Of resolution, strength, and art ;
Love comes without a host,
And steals away the soldier's heart :
Love breaks the bow, the sword and spear,
And turns the angry face of war.

E'en mighty Jove above
Hath been by Cupid's pow'r o'ercome ;
There's none can conquer love,
Tho' arm'd with sword and spear, or gun.
Then ground your arms, ye sons of war ;
None can resist the British fair.

A TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

Written by JAMES WORDALE, Esq.

COME listen, and laugh at the times,
Since folly was never so ripe ;
For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
That give his own follies a wipe :
We live in a kind of disguise ;
We flatter, we lye, and protest,
While each of us artfully tries
On others to fasten the jest.

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry sigh with disdain :
And while by her lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at his folly and pain :
But when from her innocence won,
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
When she finds herself lost and undone,
He laughs (tho' unjust) in his turn.

The fools, who at law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's distress,
And while the dire suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their substance grows less ;

B

Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
 Altho' to compound they are loth,
 They'll find, when restor'd to their sense,
 The lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion
 For each fool to laugh at the other,
 Let us strive, with a gen'rous compassion,
 To correct, not condemn, one another.
 We all have some follies to hide,
 Which, known, would dishonour the best;
 And life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
 Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

Written by Mr. SHENSTONE.

WHEN fore'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 And I thought—but it might not be so—
 She was sorry to see me depart.
 She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I could scarcely discern;
 And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought she had bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted, and planted it there.

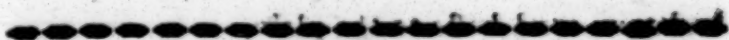
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her-accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
Come, shepherds, and tell of her ways ;
I could lay down my life for the swain
Who would sing me a song in her praise.
While he sings, may the maids of the town
Come flocking, and listen the while ;
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see when my charmer goes by,
Some hermit peeps out of his cell ;
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh !
How fondly he wishes her well !
On him she may smile, if she please,
It will warm the cool bosom of age——
Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
To deck the dear charms I approve ;
For what can a blossom bestow,
So sweet, so delightful as love !

I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng ;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay :
 Go, poets, and envy my song.



THE EFFORTS OF LOVE AND MUSIC.

THE morning op'd smiling, all nature was
 gay,

And Flora had chequer'd the grove ;
 The thrush and the linnet were heard on the spray,
 Attuning their voices to love.

Young Damon, well pleas'd, in a woodbine retreat,
 To Phillis unbosom'd his mind ;
 But his passion in vain did the shepherd repeat,
 With coolness his suit she declin'd.

In murmurs soft music now glides thro' the air,
 To harmony wakens the vale ;
 The nymph caught the sound, when her raptures
 declare
 Full hopes of success to his tale.

Exulting, thus Damon his wishes express'd—
 Those notes breathing love's gentle fire,
 Speaking joy to Alexis, with Sylvia bless'd,
 And love all their virtues inspire ;

O cease, then, my dearest, to treat with disdain
 An heart sway'd by virtue and love,
 But haste to yon fane at the top of the plain,
 And Hymen's mild influence prove.

Thus music and love were too much for the fair ;
 In vain she her wishes would hide ;
 Her blushes the state of her bosom declare,
 And Damon could not be deny'd.



THE CROSS-PURPOSES.

Sung at RANELAGH.

TOM loves Mary passing well,
 And Mary she loves Harry ;
 But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
 And finds his love miscarry ;
 For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
 Whilst Mary flights his passion :
 So strangely freakish are the turns
 Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
 Which he, in am'rous folly,
 Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
 It came again to Molly :

Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
 No turtles can be truer ;
 Each loves the object they pursue,
 But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
 Proud Hal despises Mary ;
 And all the flouts which Bell receives
 From Tom, she vents on Harry.
 If one of all the four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw people grummer ;
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British nation ;
 How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
 To smile at reformation.
 And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

Sung at FREE-MASONS HALL.

ASSIST me, ye fair tuneful nine,
 Euphrosyne grant me thy aid ;
 Whilst the honours I sing of the trine,
 Preside o'er my numbers, blythe maid.

Cease clamorous faction, oh cease !
Fly hence all ye cynical train ;
Disturb not, disturb not the Lodge's sweet peace,
Where silence and secrecy reign.

Religion untainted here dwells,
Here the morals of Athens are taught ;
Great Hiram's tradition here tells
How the world out of chaos was brought.
With fervency, freedom, and zeal,
Our master's commands we obey ;
No cowan, no cowan our secrets can steal,
No babler our myst'ries betray.

Here wisdom her standard displays ;
Here nobly the sciences shine ;
Here the temple's vast column we raise,
And finish a work that's divine.
Illum'd from the east with pure light,
Here the arts do their blessings bestow,
And all perfect, all perfect unfold to the sight,
What none but a mason can know.

If on earth any praise can be found,
Any virtue unnam'd in my song,
Any grace in the universe round,
May these to a mason belong :

May each brother his passions subdue,
 Praefise charity, concord, and love,
 And be hail'd, and be hail'd by the thrice happy
 few
 Who preside in the grand Lodge above.



Sung in the JUBILER.

BE HOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
 the tree;
 Which, oh ! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by
 thee ;
 As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine ;
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree ;
 Bend to thee,
 Bless'd mulberry ;
 Matchless was he,
 That planted thee,
 And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
 Who spread round your branches, whose heads
 sweep the sky ;
 Ye curious exotics whom taste has brought here,
 To root out the natives at prices so dear :
 All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast;
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast:
Of the fir we make ships; that thousands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of
fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church,
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey:

So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine, all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.



THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWE.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see

My swain come o'er the hill !

He leap'd the brook, and flew to me :

I met him with good will.

I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,

While his flocks near me lay :

He gather'd in my sheep at night,

And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh ! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,

Where lost was my repose ;

I wish I was with my dear swain,

With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by :
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody :
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
 O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Could I but faithful be ?
 He stole my heart ; cou'd I refuse,
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.



BLITHE COLIN.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.

Sung at RANELAGH.

BY the side of the sweet river Tay,
 Or else on the banks of the Tweed,
 Young Colin he whistles all day,
 Or merrily pipes on his reed.

His mind is a stranger to care,
For he is blithe, bonny, and free ;
At harvest, at wake, and at fair,
No swain is so chearful as he.

At eve, when we dance on the green,
How sprightly he joins in the throng ;
So pleasing his air and his mien,
So gaily he trips it along !
The lasses his manners adore,
And strive his affections to gain ;
When absent, for him they deplore,
All sigh for the smiles of the swain.

But I am the girl to his mind,
He chose me above all the rest,
And vows that to me he'll be kind,
With me he will ever be blest.
The maidens all envy my bliss,
And tell me I'm simple and vain ;
Yet I'm not displeased at this,
Nor heed their contempt and disdain.

CUPID'S RECRUITING SERGEANT.

A Cantata. Sung by Mr. VERNON, at VAUXHALL.
Music by Mr. POTTER.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos isle, so fam'd of old, I come,
To raise recruits with merry fife and drum ;
The queen of beauty here by me invites,
Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet delights :
Obey the call, and seek the happy land,
Where captain Cupid bears the sole command.

AIR.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who are youthful and gay,
Attend to the call and be blest while you may ;
Lads and lasses hither come,
To the sound of the drum,
I have treasure in store which you never have seen ;
Then haste, let us rove,
To the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Each nymph of sixteen who would fain be a wife,
Shall soon have a partner to bless her for life ;
Then lasses hither come,
To the sound of the drum,
I have sweethearts in store such as never were seen ;

Haste, haste let us rove,
To the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Would a swain but be blest with a nymph to his
mind,
Let him enter my list, and his wish he shall find;
I can bless him for life,
With a kind loving wife,
More beautiful far, than was nymph ever seen:
Then haste let us rove
To the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos, we know of no discord nor strife,
Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life;
In transport and joy,
We each moment employ,
And taste such delights as were never yet seen;
Then haste, let us rove
To the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

SONGSTER.

27

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Sung by Mrs. SMITH, in the Desert.

SOME how my Spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grafs ;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, what seek you pretty lasfs ?
A little love when urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far,
Oft leads a heart, &c.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now ;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough ;
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far,
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld ;
He talk'd of love, I leapt for joy,
For ah, my heart did fondly yield :
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far,
A little love, &c.

C 2

SWEET ROBIN.

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
 Whither, ah ! whither would you wing
 Your airy flight ;
 Stay here, and sing,
 Your mistress to delight.
 No, no, no,
 Sweet Robin, you shall not go :
 Where, you wanton, could you be,
 Half so happy as with me.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

OH ! how shall I, in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell,
 Or from my fault'ring tongue to speak,
 That cruel word, farewell ;
 Farewell—but know, though thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray :
 Go where I will my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

DE'I L tak' the wars that hurried Billy from
me,

Who to love me just had sworn ;
They made him captain sure to undo me ;
Woe's me he'll ne'er return.

A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite him,
To stay at home from sword and gun.
I us'd alluring graces,

With muckle kind embraces,
Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall ;
And had he my soft arms
Preferr'd to wars alarms,
My love growing mad, all for my bonny lad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provok-
ing,

Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
Which made me shew as tall again ;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did shine ;
My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots lass was e'er so fine,

My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee ;
 But oh ! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought ;
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

BONNY LASS LYE IN A BARRACK.

O Bonny lass will you lye in a Barrack,
 And marry a foger, and carry his wallet ?
 Yes, I will go and think no more on it,
 I'll marry my Harry and carry his wallet :
 I'll neither ask leave of my minnie or daddie,
 But off and away with my foger laddie.

O bonny lass will you go a campaigning,
 Will you suffer the hardships of battle and famine,
 When fainting and bleeding, O cou'd you draw
 near me,
 And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me ?

O yes I will go, though these evils you mention,
 And twenty times more if you had the invention ;
 Neither hunger, nor cold, nor danger alarms me,
 While I have my foger, my dearest, to charm me.

SWEET WILLY, O

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O ;
The first of all swains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
He sung it, &c.
He melted each maid,
So skilful he play'd,
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,
All nature, &c.
Where ever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier the sweet Willy O,
He would, &c.
When arm'd in the field
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O,
He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THE lark's shrill notes awake the morn,
 The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
 The yellow harvest, free from spoil,
 Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
 The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

By DR. ARNE.

HUSH, ye birds, your am'rous tales!
 Purling rills, in silence move!
 Softly breathe, ye gentle gales!
 Lest ye wake my slumb'ring love.

O the joy beyond expression,
 That enchanting form to own!
 Then, to hear the soft confession,
 That her heart is mine alone!

AULD ROBIN GREY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the
ky at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane ;
The waes of my heart fa's in show'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he sought me
for his bride,
But saving a crown he had nathing beside ;
To mak' that crown a pund, my Jemmy gade to
sea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was
stoun awa' ;
My father brak' his arm, and my Jemmy at the sea,
And auld Robin Grey came a courting me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna'
spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna
win ;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, Jenny for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jemmy back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck,

The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jemmy die?
And why do I live to say waes me?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna
speak,

She look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break,

So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in
the sea,

And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting fae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jemmy's wreath, for I coudna think it he,
'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kifs, and we tore oursel's away:
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
I darena think on Jemmy, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

THE RESOLVE.

Sung by Miss Dowson, at the Grotto Gardens.

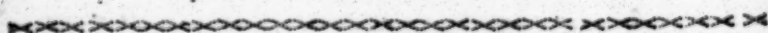
Set to Music by Mr. BATES.

MY father and mother for ever they chide,
 Because I young Colin approve :
 Tho' witty and manly, they him can't abide,
 But I'm alone guided by love.
 My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
 No doubt but pursu'd the same plan ;
 My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage
 At once to make sure of her man.

And why should not I the same maxim pursue ;
 I wonder she angry can be,
 When I in my turn the same thing but do,
 As she has long done before me.
 But first when the shepherd my favour address'd,
 Like others I threw o'er a veil,
 He'd sigh, and he'd kiss, when so closely he press'd,
 I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.

I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
 I've all I can wish in my view ;
 Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and fie,
 The deuce shall take me if I do.
 Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
 Such pleasure they each cannot gain,
 As Colin's lov'd presence is always to me,
 For sure he's the pride of the plain.

And tho' he should show all the arts of his sex,
 Or faithless as others might prove,
 It wou'd not my mind by half so perplex,
 But knowing none else worth my love.
 That thought I will banish, lay fifty to ten
 The licence he soon will procure ;
 Perhaps you will say, well and prithee, what then,
 I'll wed him, my dear, to be sure.



A NEW SONG:

Address'd to Miss S. P--TT--N.

By a YOUTH.

FAIR's my Sally as the day,
 Brighter than the blooming May ;
 Cupid revels in her eyes ;
 On her lips rich nectar lies.

When she moves, 'tis Juno walks ;
 When she speaks, Minerva talks ;
 When she sings, th' angelic strain
 Might assuage the fiercest pain.

Clasp'd within her snowy arms,
 Bless'd with all her world of charms ;
 Let me, thus enthron'd, expire.
 Gods ! 'tis all that I desire.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
I met with young Phebe who lives at the mill,
My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a sight,
For Phebe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
And swore the next morning I'd make her my
bride,

In anger she said, Get you out of my sight,
And go to your Phillis; you met her last night.

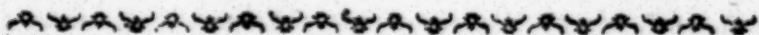
Surpriz'd, I reply'd, Pray, explain what you mean,
I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen,
Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at,
Oh! can't you, she cry'd, well I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her last night on this spot?
O Colin, O Colin, you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole story this morning from Mat,
You still may deny it, I love you for that.

Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phebe believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive;
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And surely my charmer must hate him for that.

Come, come then, she cry'd, if you mean to be
kind,

I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind;
Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.



THE CHARMS OF THE BOTTLE.

YE mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend,
Whose life is a series of pain without end,
For ever depriv'd of hope's all-cheering ray,
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day.
Obey the glad summons, the bell-bar invites,
Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest,
By hard-hearted duns too continually prest,
When brats begin crying and squalling for bread,
And wife's never silent till fast in her bed,
Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,
'Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,
Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape shot.
Obey the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull, pedantical, text-spinning vicar
 To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his liquor,
 O how would he wish for that power divine,
 To change, when he would, simple water to wine!
 Obey the glad summons, &c.

If wine, then, can miracles work, such as these,
 And give to the troubled mind comfort and ease,
 Despair not that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,
 Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.
 Obey the glad summons, the bar-bell invites;
 Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

ACHILLES AND PATROCLUS.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN stern Achilles left the Grecian band,
 And orders gave to seek his native land;
 Just as the naval fleet prepar'd to go,
 Patroclus strove Achilles's grief to know.
 Whence comes that sigh——why heaves thy manly
 breast,
 What fiend invidious robs my friend of rest?

Divine Achilles, let Patroclus know,
 For friends should always share in private woe?
 Enough, Achilles said—most noble youth,
 From thee, alas ! who can conceal the truth?

A I R.

Know then, my friend, ungrateful Greece
 This day demands my Briseis fair ;
 And I, alas ! no more shall cease
 To be immers'd in endless care.
 But mark, ye gods, should Hector carnage spread,
 Unmov'd Achilles will smile o'er the dead.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Patroclus heard, while tears half drown'd his eyes;
 And could you see your country bleed ? he cries ;
 Could you, relentless to the prayers of all,
 See Hector triumph in the Grecian's fall !
 Behold ! they fly—to parly is disgrace ;
 Lend me your armour, I'll the danger face :
 Hector himself will be alarm'd with fears,
 When in the front thy blazing crest appears,
 Achilles like, I'll see my country freed,
 Or bravely in the glorious combat bleed.

A I R.

Omnipotent Jove,
 And ye pow'rs above,

From dangers great Achilles shield,
 While I undismay'd,
 In his armour array'd,
 Seek peril and death in the field.
 Adieu then, my friend,
 I'll strive to defend
 Those princes Achilles did shield :
 Oh ! may I, like you,
 Great Hector subdue,
 Or breathless be stretch'd on the field.

RECITATIVE.

Alternate griefs Achilles' bosom rend,
 He scarce can say, Farewell, adieu, my friend.
 Patroclus clad in godlike armour bright,
 Each Trojan trembles at the boding sight.
 The fight began ; but oh ! the fates decreed
 Patroclus for ungrateful Greece should bleed ;
 He fell — yet ere an herald could disclose
 What cause Achilles had for inward woes,
 The godlike warrior the sad tidings guess'd,
 And thus the anguish of his soul express'd.

AIR.

My friend, I conceive by the aspect you wear,
 Your message my peace may destroy ;
 But Achilles is proof against sorrow and care,
 And never again will know joy.

If Patroclus is dead, oh ! ye powers divine,
 The hand that depriv'd him of breath,
 Let it feel, in return, the vengeance of mine,
 And death be aton'd for in death.

Once more in the field, cruel Hector shall find
 Achilles his valour will try ;
 Achilles will prove him, no skulking-behind
 Shall enable the traitor to fly.
 Then grant, potent Jove, since Patroclus is slain,
 This arm may the wretch's blood spill ;
 When revenge is compleat, on yon hostile plain,
 Do with me, great Jove, what you will.



THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HE A R me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;

I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
It's sweets I'll ay remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green!
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry:
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lofs a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark.
 And birds in concert chanting;
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration:
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman;
 But dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
 His Christy did o'er-hear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And sang his arms about her.

My Christy !—witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for taulk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.



T H E M A N T O H E R M I N D .

LEAVE party disputes, your attention I pray,
 All you who to mirth are inclin'd,
 And of those I dislike when you hear what I say,
 You may guess at the man to my mind.

Ye self-loving coxcombs, whose fondness is seen
 From the form your false mirrors display,

When you talk of a passion, as nothing you mean,
So all goes for nothing you say.

No pretension I boast to the aukward young heir,
Tho' born to a wealthy estate,
Who paying no court to the charms of the fair,
Buys a wife, like a calf, by her weight.

The old batter'd rake sure no woman can love,
Who has long reckon'd marriage a curse ;
Tho' his great condescension he's ready to prove,
By taking his wife for a nurse.

A fool for a husband some females have chose,
And repentance oft rues what is past,
Tho' he turns for a season which way the wind
blows,
The weathercock's rusty at last.

But the man that has sense, with a heart th
sincere,
Where passion and reason agree,
Whose fortune's sufficient to combat with care
—Can't you guess at the lover for me ?

A DRINKING SONG.

C O M E, my never-frowning glass,
Always welcome to my lip ;
Here's to Delia, lovely lass,
Oh, how grateful is the sip.
This is pleasure to the soul,
This will banish care away ;
He who hates the smiling bowl,
What's he fit for, toppers say ?

Sung in the WEDDING RING.

T H E trav'lers, that through deserts ride
By conduct of some friendly star ;
When clouds obscure their trusty guide,
Out of their course must wander far :

So I with pensive care and pain,
In absence still must stray ;
Till you, my star, shine out again,
And light me on my way.

Sung in the QUAKER.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merri-
rily, ah!

Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!

Thou and I will be first in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the
dow'r,

With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
bow'r,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

These joys which are harmless, what mortal can
blame?

'Tis a maxim, that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
While the lads, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'T WAS Summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee,
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river ;
Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever ;
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he :
And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth ! o'er the rude roaring
billows ;

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
And left me to stray 'mong the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore
him ;

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns with such care I'll watch
o'er him

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.



RURAL CONTENTMENT.

Being the Sequel to the Banks of the D E E.

Tune, O bonny lass will you lie in a Barrack.

I SAT on a bank by the side of a river,
 I thought my dear Jamie had left me for ever,
 But while I sat pensively sighing and mourning,
 Ah! who should I see, but my Jamie returning.

I straight ran to meet him, I threw my arms round
 him,
 Still charming, still kind, still constant I found him,
 With ardor he press'd me, ah! who could oppose
 him,
 While thus I reveal'd the warm wish of my bosom.

“ O stay my dear Jamie, thy follies give over,
 No more leave these plains, be no longer a rover,
 No more seek for glory, where cannons loud rattle,
 Nor leave my fond arms for the sound of a battle.

For peace in a cottage and pastoral pleasure,
 Where love trips with joy, in some frolicsome measure,
 Believe me, my Jamie, are far more enticing,
 Than war's empty pomp, which you've always
 been prizing."

My Jamie smil'd sweetly, the linnets and thrushes,
 Who chanted their songs from the jessamine bushes,
 The groves and the plains were so gay, so inviting,
 They made him forget his ambition for fighting.

He said, he would love me, and never would leave
 me,
 He gave me his hand, that he ne'er would deceive
 me,
 He swore he'd no more show his foes his resentment,
 But live with his Annie in Rural Contentment.

THE GREY COCK.

O Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
 Or saw ye my true-love John?
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John.

Its now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
 And the bells they ring ding dong;

He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red ;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd the pin ;
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast ?
And is my Johnny true !
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysell,
Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day ;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon ;
The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love
away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE, LOVE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee' ;
 Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
 " Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 " Down the burn Davie, love,
 " Down the burn Davie, love,
 " And soon I'll follow thee ;
 " Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 " Down the burn Davie, love,
 " Down the burn Davie, love,
 " Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 " And I'll soon follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn-side ;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight, to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and troth,
 And a bonny bride he made her :
 No more asham'd to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free ;
 " Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 " Down the burn Davie, love,
 " Down the burn Davie, love,
 " And I'll soon follow thee ;
 " Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 " Down the burn Davie, love,
 " Down the burn Davie, love,
 " Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 " And I'll soon follow thee.

S O C I A L P O W ' R S .

COME now all ye social pow'rs,
 Shed your influence o'er us ;
 Crown with joy the present hours,
 Enliven those before us :
 Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

CHORUS.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us ;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us.

Friendship with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features ;
What but friendship, love and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.

Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy godhead I adore;
Source of gen'rous passions ;
But will ne'er bow down before
Those idols wealth and fashions.

Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,
Whilst on earth we moulder ;
Whether we're merry, grave or mad,
We ev'ry day grow older.

Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away,
Spite of all our sorrow ;
Heighten ev'ry joy to day,
And never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flask the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And leave dull care behind us.

C H O R U S.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us :
 Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And leave dull care behind us.

 WILLIE OF THE DALE.

AS through the fields I chanc'd stray,
 To hear the linnet's song,
 I met a shepherd in my way,
 The blithest of the throng.
 He stopt and gave my cheek a pat,
 And told a tender tale ;
 Then stole a kifs,——but what of that,
 'Twas Willie of the dale.

He press'd my hand, and talk'd of love
 With extacy divine ;
 Nay, swore he'd ever faithful prove,
 And, if I pleas'd, be mine.

To meet him thus, (no creature near,)
Soon made my cheeks look pale ;
But he declar'd I need not fear
Young Willy of the dale.

None sure possess such charms as he,
To win a maiden's mind ;
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
And what's still more he's kind ;
For now he meets me ev'ry night,
At which the lasses rail,
And vows I am the sole delight
Of Willy of the dale.

THE CHESHIRE-CHEESE.

Tune, Ye gods, you gave to me a wife.

A Cheshire-man set sail for Spain,
To deal in merchandize ;
No sooner he arriv'd there, than
A Spaniard he espies,

Who said, " You English dog, look here,
What fruits and spices fine
Our land produces twice a-year,
You've no such fruit in thine."

The Cheshire-man ran to his hold,
 And brought a Cheshire-cheese,
 Then said, " You Spanish dog behold !
 You've no such fruits as these.

" Your land produces twice a year
 Rich fruit and spice you say ;
 But such as now my hands do bear,
 Our land gives twice a-day.



JOCKEY.

AS Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
 So blithe and so bonny his air ;
 He met a young lass who was going his way,
 Her face all so clouded with care ;
 He ask'd her what made her so moping and sad ?
 'Twas pity if she were in pain :
 She sigh'd, " I have lost the very best lad,
 And I never shall see him again !"

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
 Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so ?
 Or else, where on earth he can never appear,
 Where you and I surely must go ?
 " No, he's fled (she reply'd) with another fond she,
 Tho' to me he was plighted for aye,
 O'er the mountains he's gone with another from me,
 And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,
He's a loon, who is not worth your pain;
Let him go since he's chang'd, be you wretched no
more,

Nor think of a false-hearted swain:
But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,
Whom fortune has thrown in your way,
I'll soothe all your grief, and I'll banish your smart,
Here I'm ready to do as I say.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her a
song,

Her face look'd no longer despair;
He whisper'd of love as they saunter'd along,
And she thought him a lad worth her care:
She smil'd and grew pleas'd, late a stranger to joy,
And Jockey perceiving her kind,
More pressing was grown, and the lass was less coy,
So he drove the false loon from her mind.

VAUXHALL BALLAD.

IN a sycamore shade, as I sat t'other day,
As blithe as the birds in the grove;
It happen'd young Damon was walking that way,
Who often had hinted his love.
I ran to be gone, as I saw him appear,
When, kneeling, he beg'd I'd not fly;
So soft were his accents, they banish'd my fear,
I could not the shepherd deny.

He beg'd me to stay, whilst his wish he express'd,
And swore that he meant me no harm ;
My hand to his bosom he eagerly press'd,
Which, throbbing, confess'd the alarm.
My cheek he declar'd wore the blush of the rose,
My hand with the lily might vie ;
'That my breath was much sweeter then either of
those ;
All this I was forc'd to deny.

He said he should languish, and die with despair,
Unless I requited his love ;
And pray'd me to end all his sorrow and care,
For truer no swain e'er could prove :
He begg'd that a day I would speedily name,
And waited to hear my reply ;
My blushes confess'd that I felt all his flame,
Nor could I the shepherd deny.

Next morn to the church with my Damon I went,
And gave him my hand and my heart ;
E'er since have my days been in happiness spent,
Which Hymen alone can impart.
Then hear me, ye nymphs, who are youthful and
gay,
From the shepherd you love never fly ;
The spring of your lives will too soon glide away ;
Beware, lest too oft you deny.

SOMETHING NEW.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

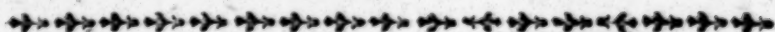
IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
The sons of error urge their chace,
The wondrous to pursue ;
And, both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit and clown,
Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
And what is ready made they make ;
Historians must be true :
How therefore shall we find a road,
Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,
To give you something new ?

They say virginity is scarce
As any thing in prose or verse,
And so is honour too ;
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth
In melancholy, or in mirth ;
What, then, shall ladies do ?

Seek virtue as the immortal prize;
In fine, be honest, and be wise,
For that is something new.



THE LADY'S CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Written by Mr. T. ADNEY.

I'D have a man of sense and air,
The pride of ev'ry witty fair ;
Genteel in make, in stature tall,
Polite to me, and good to all.

No powder'd, silly, flatt'ring beatt,
Who of good sence doth nothing know :
A man of science, fond of books,
Whose temper's equal to his looks.

No jealous fears I'd have annoy
The pleasing prospect of our joy ;
That life a scene of love may be
To the dear youth, the world and me.

I'd have this mild and gentle youth
Inspir'd with wisdom, grace, and truth;
And as for wealth, I'll not repine,
If he has none, I'll give him mine.

Ye gen'rous gods! I ask no more;
 If such a man you've got in store,
 And I'm deserving, speak your mind,
 I'll be to him for ever join'd.

A MAN TO MY MIND.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins
 despis'd,
 To all batchelors greering, these lines are promis'd;
 I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but
 find
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind!

Not the fair weather fop, fond of fashion and dress;
 Not the 'squire, who can relish no joys but the
 chace;
 Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can
 bind:
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my
 mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without
 end;
 Nor the drone, who can't relish his bottle and
 friend;

Nor the fool, that's too fond ; nor the churl that's
unkind :

Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

Nor the wretch with full bags, without breeding or
merit ;

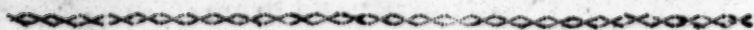
Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit ;
Nor the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind ;
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

But the youth whom good-sense and good-nature
inspire ;

Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
admire ;

In whose heart love and truth are with honour con-
join'd :

This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.



Sung in the WEDDING RING.

OF woman to tell you my mind,
And I speak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of their lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being set in their fight,
They're sure to take hold of the wrong ;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine and they'll snivel,
They'll coax, and they'll simper—
In short they're the devil ;
And so there's an end to my song.



Sung in the GOLDEN PIPPIN.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruises and blows ;
Not a sword, but a sword-knot rejoices the fair ;
And what are rough soldiers to beaux ?
Away then with laurels ! come beauty and love,
And silence the trumpet and drum ;
Let me with soft myrtle my brows bear inwove,
And tenderly combat at home.

KITTY; OR, THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Written by Mr. PRIOR.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd;
 Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens;
 What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast;
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why!

Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way ;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

Written by AMBROSE PHILLIPS, Esq.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softy speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost !

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away !

A CANTATA.

Sung at RANELAGH.

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, blest with ev'ry grace,
 Invok'd soft music's needless aid ;
 Compleatly conquer'd by her face,
 Thus gentle Strephon smiling said.

AIR.

Where partial nature may deny
 The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,
 Let tedious labour toil and try
 To swell the song, or form the dance :
 But let your charms alone suffice,
 And trust the music of your eyes.

RECITATIVE.

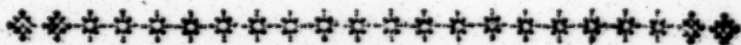
Damon, who chanc'd to overhear,
 Thus spoke, as he approach'd more near :
 He flatters, do not trust the swain,
 But listen to my honest strain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
 Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay ;
 Your voice and person ev'ry hour

By dozens steal our hearts away :
Then how trifling is the prize,
Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes !

Ah ! lovely nymph, indeed to blefs,
Select the worthiest swain you won ;
Who, prizing sound and colour less,
Admires you for your sense alone ;
Then leave all little arts behind,
And study to improve the mind.



Sung in Buxom JOAN.

THE thund'ring drums did beat to battle,
And murm'ring cannons, too, did rattle :
The enemy fiercely assail'd,
And death with its horrors prevail'd.
 Heavy moans,
 Dying groans,
Cou'd be heard 'midst the loudest alarms !
 I fought for your sake,
 Made the enemy quake,
And with conquest return to your arms.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

HOW fair is my love,
 As kind as the dove ;
 Her temper both lively and gay :
 The lily, and rose,
 Upon her cheeks blows,
 To give her the splendour of May.

Her shape, and her mien,
 Proclaim her the queen
 Of beauty, of virtue, and truth ;
 Her eyes are like jet,
 Her teeth neatly set :
 Ye gods ! in the prime of her youth.

Her voice, like the thrush,
 That sings on the bush,
 When meadows look blooming and gay :
 Each nymph and each swain,
 That dance on the plain,
 Are charm'd with my Phyllis's lay.

She cries, don't repine,
 I soon shall be thine,
 And ease thy fond bosom of strife ;
 In pleasure's sweet bow'r
 We'll pass ev'ry hour,
 While nature supplies us with life.

Written by Mr. W—LL—S.

HOW happy was I,
When Delia was by ;
Her presence rejoiced my heart ;
No troubles I knew,
My cares were but few,
Till the time I from Delia did part.

Then how sad the reverse !
With pain I rehearse
The disquiets my mind undergoes ;
Time moves slowly on,
Content I have none ;
Oh ! feel for, and pity my woes.

My fair will be just,
I can't her mistrust,
Her promise is binding I'm sure ;
Then why so lament ?
For shame, be content
For the present, her absence endure.

The time shortly will be,
When I Delia shall see,
And with her in wedlock be join'd ;
Then how happy my state,
I'll not envy the great,
But enjoy, with my fair, peace of mind.

I covet not wealth,
 But a good share of health,
 For myself and the girl I adore :
 We'll live at our ease,
 And do as we please ;
 Ye gods ! what can mortals wish more.



Sung at VAUXHALL.

ROUSE Britain's warlike throng,
 Sound the trumpet, strike the lyre,
 Let martial note and song
 Martial order re-inspire.

Peace, to Britain ever dear,
 All her charms a while foregoes ;
 Britons will no longer bear
 Insults from disdainful foes.

Sound the trumpets ! sound again !
 Britain claims the martial strain.

See bright honour rear its head,
 And, while glory leads the band,
 Awful war, with solemn tread,
 Stalks majestic thro' the land.

NUMBERLESS KISSES.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind ;
For since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;
Count how many stars are in heav'n,
Go number the sands on the shore,
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;
In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
And twist round thy neck like a vine.

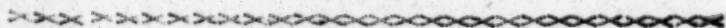
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What joy can be greater than this is !

My life on thy lips shall be spent ;

But the wretch who can number his kisses,

Will always with few be content.



THE CONTENTED MILLER.

IN a plain, pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
 With a mill and some meadows, a freehold estate ;
 A well-meaning miller by labour supplies
 Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies ;
 No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
 His constant companions are health and content ;
 Their lordships in lace may take note if they will,
 He's honest, tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
 He springs from his cottage as jocund as May,
 He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair.
 While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
 Or bribing elections in hopes to be great,
 No fraud of ambition his bosom does fill,
 Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his homespun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chaunt or to pray ;
 Then sits to a dinner of plain English food,
 Tho' simple his pudding, his appetite's good ;

At night when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
 Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill ;
 What monarch so blest'd as the man of the mill.



THE HONEST FELLOW.

PHO ! pox o' this nonsense, I pr'ythee, give
 o'er,

And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;
 Their face, and their air, and their mien ; what a
 rout !

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

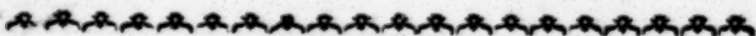
Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape ;
 But we honest fellows — 'death ! who'd ever
 think

Of puling for love, while he's able to drink ?

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk, is as great as a king.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks ;
 Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-six :
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul,
 Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;
 "May mirth and good fellowship always abound!"
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.



THE CHEARFUL SPRING.

SHARP winter melts, and spreads her wing;
 A pleasing change, a smiling spring;
 The trees their vary'd blossoms wear,
 And op'ning flow'rs perfume the air;
 Sweet Philomela tunes her strain,
 And warbling charms the list'ning plain.

The sun encreases ev'ry round,
 The snow is vanish'd from the ground,
 With songs the vocal forests ring,
 All to adorn the chearful spring;
 The meadows all around are seen
 Cover'd o'er with lovely green.

The dusky clouds so swiftly fly,
 And leave behind the azure sky,
 The mountains smile, the hills are gay,
 And vallies boast the pride of May;
 The streams that overflow'd the mounds,
 Now gently glide within their bounds.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WHEN Hobbinol entreated Doll,
Within the grove to enter,
She hung her head, and blushing said,
She was afraid to venture.

For there poor Nan put faith in man,
And forely does repent her,
Which makes me fear no good is near,
And therefore will not venture.

His fond request he eager prest,
And swore no harm he meant her ;
By honour sway'd, be not dismay'd,
But kindly with me venture.

On wedlock bent was all he meant,
Wou'd that, he said, content her ;
To prove me true yon steeple view,
Say, will my Dolly venture ?

Doubt still possess the damsel's breast,
Till virtue counsel lent her.
Haste, haste, he cry'd, be made a bride,
And after you may venture.

Doll gave consent, to church they went,
A wife back Hymen sent her,

No more a maid, she's not afraid
With him alone to venture.



A PRISON SONG.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor, but merry place ;
Where no bailiff, dun, nor setter,
Dares to shew his frightful face :
But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
Down your garnish you must lay,
Or your coat will be in danger ;
You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
From your children or your wife ;
Wisdom lives in true resignation,
Thro' the various scenes of life.
Scorn to shew the least resentment,
Tho' beneath the frowns of fate ;
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are spiteful,
And restrain our bodies here,
Use will make a goal delightful,
Since there's nothing else to fear.

Ev'ry island's but a prison,
 Strongly guarded by the sea ;
 Kings and princes, for that reason,
 Pris'ners are, as well as we.

What made the great Alexander
 Weep at his unfriendly fate ?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond this world's strong prison-gate :
 For the world is also bounded
 By the heavens and stars above ;
 Why shou'd we, then, be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but Jove ?

THE STRAWBERRY-VALE.

Written by Mr. NICHOLLS.

T'OTHER day, in the strawberry-vale,
 When only my Phillis was there,
 I begg'd she'd attend to my tale,
 I long'd to unbosom my care.

With smiles, sweet as Flora's in May,
 She bid me my pleasure impart.
 I said, (in a faltering way)
 Your eyes have ta'en captive my heart.

The dance and the tabor I shun,
 No rest on my pillow I find;
 Believe me, wherever I run,
 Your image still dwells in my mind.

O! sooth the keen anguish I bear,
 Soft pity I read in thine eye;
 Ah! quickly, dear charmer, declare,
 If the shepherd who loves you must die?

O! this was a moment of bliss;
 I vow'd to be ever sincere:
 Her hand she presented to kiss,
 And brighten'd her blush with a tear.

And now, if my sheep are secure,
 I meet her at eve in the dale,
 Where she wishes that flame may endure,
 She approv'd in the strawberry-vale.



Written by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I, like an hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day?

If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Were her tresses angel gold ;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with a little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too ;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes ;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good-manners sake ;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip ;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be ?

No ; she must be perfect snow,
In effect, as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too :
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot ;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewel her, whate'er she be.

A FREE MASON'S SONG.

WHEN quite a young spark,
I was in the dark,
And wanted to alter my station ;
I went to a friend,
Who prov'd, in the end,
A free and an accepted mason.

At a door he then knock'd,
Which quickly unlock'd,
When he bid me to put a good face on,
And not be afraid,
For I should be made
A free and an accepted mason.

My wishes were crown'd,
And a master I found,
Who made a most solemn oration ;
Then shew'd me the light,
And gave me the right
Sign, token, and word, of a mason.

How great my amaze,
When I first saw the blaze !

SONGSTER.

83

And struck with the mystic occasion!
Astonish'd! I found,
Tho' free, I was bound
To a free and an accepted mason.

When clothed in white,
I took great delight
In the work of this noble vocation:
And knowledge I gain'd,
When the lodge he explain'd
Of a free and an accepted mason.

I was bound, it appears,
For seven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration:
With freedom I serve,
And strain ev'ry nerve
To acquit myself like a good mason.

A bumper then fill
With an hearty good will,
To our master pay due veneration;
Who taught us the art
We ne'er will impart,
Unless to an accepted mason.

A BUCK'S SONG.

WOULD you taste the perfume of the morn,
While the dew-drops bespangle the thorn ;
Hark, away, when the sounds
Of the merry-mouth'd hounds
Keep time with the mellow-ton'd horn ;
Ere Phæbus with round ruddy face
The tops of the mountains shall grace,
To the sports of the day
Brother Bucks haste away,
Pursue with new vigour the chace.

It was Nimrod, the jovial and gay,
Who first taught us to hunt for the prey ;
And with full-flowing bowls
To enliven our souls,
And joyously finish the day ;
Due homage then pay at his shrine,
Pour mighty libations of wine ;
Fill up to the brink,
To his mem'ry let's drink,
Proclaim our great founder, divine.

THE MARRIED MAN.

I AM marry'd, and happy; with wonder hear
this,

Ye rovers, and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
And who only loose pleasures engage:
You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the
wrong

When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
Are fugitive, never sincere;

Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:

But those which in legal attachment we find,

When the heart is with innocence pure,
Are from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name,

True love is with sentiment join'd;

But yours is a passion, a feverish flame,

Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,

With this and with that ye are cloy'd;

H

Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows;
My answer is short—from a wife;
Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature I
chose,

Which are beauties that charm us for life.
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;
And we find ourselves happy from morning to
night,
By our mutual endeavours to please.



Sung in the ROYAL SHEPHERD.

VOWS of love should ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They must have a savage mind,
Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from constancy do swerve;
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All such faithless swains to serve.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

ON Old England's blest shore
We are landed once more,
Secure from the storms of the main ;
For great George, and his cause,
For our country and laws,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Where the sun's orient ray
First opens the day,
On India's extended domain,
The swarthy fac'd foes
Who dar'd to oppose,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
Let us drink, sing, and joke,
While here on the shore we remain ;
When our country demands,
With hearts and with hands,
We are ready to conquer again.

A PASTORAL.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and sweet groves,
 Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart ;
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is dress'd without art :
 No pleasure ye now can afford,
 Nor music can lull me to rest ;
 For Phillis proves false to her word,
 And Strephon can never be blest.

Oft-times, by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lillies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear :
 But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then, to my grief and surprize,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy or time cannot blast :
 Beware, then, beware how ye trust
 Coquettes, who to love make pretence ;

For Phillis to me had been just,
If nature had bless'd her with sense.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

HA I L, masonry, thou craft divine !
Glory of earth from heav'n reveal'd ;
Which dost with jewels precious shine,
From all but masons' eyes conceal'd ;
The praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous prose, or flowing verse !

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
A mason other men excels ;
For what's in knowledge choice and rare,
But in his breast securely dwells !
His silent breast, and faithful heart,
Preserve the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
From beasts whose roar the forest rends,
From the assaults of warriors bold,
The mason's art mankind defends :
Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives such aid.

Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
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From beasts whose roar the forest rends,
From the assaults of warriors bold,
The mason's art mankind defends :
Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives such aid.

Ensigns of state that feed our pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain!
 By masons true are laid aside;
 Arts free-born sons such toys disdain.
 Ennobled by the name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,
 The lodge's lasting cement be!
 Which has for ages firmly stood.
 A lodge thus built, for ages past
 Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done,
 To those who have enrich'd the art,
 From Adam to great Leven down,
 And let each brother bear a part;
 Let our grand-master's health go round,
 His praise in ev'ry lodge resound.



THE PRIAR AND NUN; A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE:

IN Paris city, they report for truth,
 There dwelt an active priest in prime of youth;

And in the convent, as some others say,
 There liv'd a nun as blooming as the May:
 The rev'rend father sigh'd for her in vain,
 He dar'd not openly his love explain;
 Her beauty fann'd the embers of desire,
 But looks austere quite damp'd the rising fire..
 At length kind fortune did his wishes bless,
 For the fair nun came to him to confess;
 With great devotion she her forehead sign'd,
 And thus reveal'd the troubles of her mind:

A I R.

Holy father, believe, for my sorrows I grieve,
 And sincerely repent each transgression;
 One fault, above all, my mind does enthrall,
 And torments me surpassing expression.
 Tho' to Heav'n I'm bound, yet Cupid has found
 The method to lead me astray;
 Alas! I am frail, for love would prevail,
 Tho' conscience cry'd, sternly, Stay, stay.

RECITATIVE.

The jolly priest, as near the fair he stood,
 Feels genial warmth stir up his youthful blood;
 Then smiling on the lovely suppliant fair,
 He chuck'd her chin, and bade her not despair.
 I know no harm there is in love, he said,
 Each sex, my dear, was for the other made;

The church ordains it, and you do no fault,
 If to the church you yield up what you ought :
 But 'tis a sin if any one should feast
 Upon those charms unless he is a priest.

A I R.

Consider how happy will be your condition,
 If once you will form a resolution
 To bed with a prelate—You need no contrition,
 For prelates can give absolution :
 Then yield to my arms thy ravishing charms,
 Permit me your beauties to rifle ;
 You know I can bless you, as well as confess you ;
 Besides, it is only a trifle.

Sung in THOMAS AND SALLY.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch, he,
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth,))
 Grant me but innocence and health ;
 Ah ! what is grandeur link'd to vice ?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

Written by Mr. CHURCHILL.

A Jolly brisk fat; but a little time since,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince,
Fell foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin
To pass without calling, reel'd jovially in.
Derry down, &c.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd
by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's
eye;
By the main-mast, a sail, boys! then he leapt from
his place,
And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for
chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were
met,
Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast
To be dress'd and serv'd up in the old English
taste.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And makes the room ring with three British
cheers;

Then he sits himself down without further debate,

And claps an old quid in his next neighbour's plate.

Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprise,

When they shrugg'd up their shoulders, and turn'd up their eyes ;

From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,

All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.

Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,

Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice ;

Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,

Cry'd, Down with your arms, or I'll soon sweep the deck.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,
And sneaking behind; seiz'd the arms of the far ;

I have him, says he; but he cou'd say no more,

Ere he found his dull pate where his heels stood before.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen unite,

Each takes up his knife and prepares for the fight;
Of quarters, cries Jack, I would not have you think ;

Strike, strike, you frag-eaters, strike, strike, or you sink.

Derry down, &c.

So saying, he handled his trusty oak stick,

And pour'd in his broad-side so stout and so thick ;

So well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Were decently laid with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
For fear that Jack's stick should alight on their pate,

Acknowledg'd him victor, and lord of the main,
Withal humbly intreating to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but insisted that they,

For the beef, for the pudding and porter should pay :

They agreed; so the sailor reel'd off with his
wench,
And sung as he reel'd, Down, down with the
French.
Derry down, &c.

Written by SHAKESPEAR.

O RPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
E'en the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by;
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, or grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Sung in the ELECTION.

WHILE happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter ;
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded ;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am persuaded,
Each free-born Briton's song should be,
Or give me death or liberty.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us ;
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom that defends us.

By law secur'd from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum.
Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre, shall we sell 'em ?
No—ev'ry Briton's song should be,
Or give me death or liberty.

WHAT IS THAT TO YOU ; A SCOTCH SONG.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-long summer's day,
 Till we were almost spoil'd,
 At making of the hay.
 Her kerchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd to her bonny brow ;
 I whisper'd something in her ear ;
 But what is that to you ?

Her stockings were of kersey green,
 And tight as ony silk ;
 O, sic a leg was never seen !
 Her skin was white as milk.
 Her hair was black as ane could wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou !
 Ah ! Jeany daintily can kiss ;
 But what is that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair :
 There is nae benison like mine,
 I have amais't nae care.
 But when another swain, my fair,
 Shall say you're fair to view ;
 Let Jeany whisper in his ear,
 Pray what is that to you ?

Sung in the ORACLE.

WOULD you with her you love be blest,
Ye lovers, these instructions mind,
Conceal the passion in your breast,
Be dumb, insensible, and blind :
But when with gentle looks you meet,
And see the artless blushes rise,
Be silent, loving, and discreet ;
The oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the maid sincere,
Where virtue is with beauty join'd ;
Then boldly like yourselves appear,
No more insensible, or blind :
Pour forth the transports of your heart,
And speak your soul without disguise ;
'Tis fondness, fondness must impart ;
The oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the snare,
That still entraps all womankind ;
Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
Be deaf, insensible, and blind :
But should some fond deserving youth
Agree to join in Hymen's ties,
Be tender, constant, crown his truth ;
The oracle no more implies.

Written by SOAME JENNYNS, Esq.

TO O plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare,
But for heav'n's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.



Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love of you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill.
Because perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;

Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

Sung in the Masque of ALFRED.

IF those who live in shepherd's bow'r,
Press not the gay and stately bed ;
The new-mown hay and breathing flow'r
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,
Soothe not their taste with wanton art ;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wine can boast ;
With wholesome cups they chear the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Dancing on the daisy'd ground,
Have not the splendor of a court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

A HUNTING SONG.

HA R K ! the huntsman's began to sound the
shrill horn,

Come quickly unkennel the hounds :
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn,
We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See ! yonder sits reynard, so crafty and fly ;
Come saddle your coursers apace :
The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry ;
They long to be giving him chace.

The horsemen are mounted, the steeds feel the
spur,
And swiftly they scour it along ;
Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur ;
Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and vallies they skim it away,
Now reynard's almost out of sight ;
But sooner than lose him, they'd spend the whole
day
In hunting—for that's their delight.

By eager pursuing they'll have him at last :
He's so tir'd, poor rogue, down he lies ;

Now starts up afresh—young Snap has him fast ;
He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won ;
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone :
You say I'm fickle, apt to change
At every face that's new ;
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

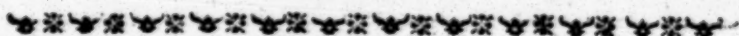
My heart was once a flake of ice,
Till thaw'd by your bright eyes ;
Then warm'd and kindled in a trice
A flame that never dies :
Then take and try me, and you'll find
A heart that's kind and true ;
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Written by Mr. CONGREVE.

PIOUS Selinda goes to pray'rs,
If I but ask the favour :

And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her ;
Wou'd she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.



A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the fun, boys ;
Let Apollo's example invite us,
For he's drunk ev'ry night,
That makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk and the Persian ;
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee ;
While the brave Britons sing,
And drink health to the king,
And a fig for their sultan and sophy.

SONGSTER.

105

Written by Mr. BUDGELL.

WH Y will Flörella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun her scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind;
And while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where;
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.



CUPID, god of pleasing anguish,
Teach the enamour'd swain to languish,
Teach him fierce desires to know.
Heroes would be lost in story,
Did not love inspire their glory,
Love does all that's great below.

A MARTIAL SONG.

Written by Mr. MAJOR.

TO arms, to arms! Britannia calls;
Awake, ye lov'reigns of the main;
Lo! treach'ry bids the faithless Gauls
Presume upon your native reign.
Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

Can free-born spirit sink so low,
To shudder at a race of slaves?
Will British prowess tamely bow,
And quit the empire of the waves?
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Tho' folly's base, inglorious sway,
Thy once unclouded annals stain;
If wisdom pointed out the way,
Thy sons their splendor would regain.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

A Chatham, fir'd with honest rage,
Would rouse the courage of this isle;
Blot past disgrace from mem'ry's page,
And make expiring commerce smile.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thrice blest the man, ordain'd to save
 These nations, in this dreary hour ;
 To wake the flame that Heav'n first gave,
 Disspel our fears, and raise our pow'r.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Till heaving surges cease to roar,
 His praise shall grace the roll of fame ;
 When future ages feel no more
 Our present weakness, and our shame.
 Rule, Britannia ; Britannia, rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

A WELCH SONG.

COT splutter o'nails,
 Hur was come from North Wales,
 To try hur good fortune in London ;
 But oh ! hur poor heart,
 Hur fears, for hur part,
 Alas ! hur for ever is undone.

For as hur was coing,
 With Shenkin and Owen,
 To pray to goot Tavit hur saint, Sir ;
 A young tamsel hur met,
 Put hur all in a sweat,
 Goot lack hur was ready to faint, Sir.

So pright was hur eyes,
As the stars in the skies,
Hur lips were like rupies so fine, Sir ;
Hur cheeks were o'erispread
With a sweet white and red,
She look't like an angel divine, Sir.

When she spoke, how hur voice
Made hur posome rejoice !
So charming and prafe were hur words, Sir ;
The wood-lark, or thrush,
That sing on a push,
No accents so sweet can afford, Sir.

Since that luckless hour,
So creat is love's power,
Hur croans and says nothing put Heigh day !
Put her passion, hur fear,
Hur can never declare,
For the lass was as crand as a lady.

Yet true lovers all,
When you hear of hur fall ;
O'er her crave shed a tear out of pity ;
For so earnest her crieves,
Hur shall tie, hur believes,
And so there's an end to hur ditty.

Sung at RANELAGH.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came ;
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and small ;
Unusual joy her heart did feel,
But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd :
To kiss her hand he down did kneel ;
But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise ;
He blest her neck, her lips, and eyes :
Her fondness she could scarce conceal ;
Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thought she quickly guess'd ;
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride :

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'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her spinning-wheel.



LABOUR IN VAIN.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that had
stray'd,

One morning I rang'd o'er the plain ;
But, alas ! after all my researches were made,
I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
I resolv'd to return back again ;
It was useless, I thought, to seek after them more,
Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phebe I saw,
And to love her I could not refrain ;
To solicit a kiss, I approach'd her with awe,
But she told me my labour was vain.

But, Phebe, (I cry'd,) to my suit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain.
She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect severe,
Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast,
 And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again ;
 O, Colin (she cry'd,) if you're rude, I protest
 That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses, and vows,
 Compassion she took on my pain ;
 She now has consented to make me her spouse,
 So no longer I labour in vain.

Written by Mr. WRIGHTEN.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

SOUND the fife—beat the drum—to my
 standard repair,

All ye lads who will conquer or die ;
 At request of my sex, as a captain I'm here,
 The men's courage and valour to try ;
 'Tis your king and your country now call for your
 aid,

And the ladies command you to go ;
 By me they announce it, and you, who're afraid,
 Or refuse, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single—these things I declare,
 So each maiden most firmly decrees,
 Not a kiss will be granted, by black, brown, or
 fair ;
 Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.

To the married—if they but look glum, or say,
no,

Should the monsieur dare bluster or huff,
We've determined, nem. con. that their fore-heads
shall shew——

A word to the wife is enough.

These punishments we've in terrorem proclaim'd ;

But still, should your courage be lacking.

As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,

Which egad ! will soon send you a packing,

We'll the breeches assume——'pon my honour 'tis
true !——

So determine, maids, widows, and wives ;

First we'll march——beat the French——then
march back, and beat you——

Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
With Sally can compare ;

She wins the hearts of all the swains,

And rivals all the fair ;

The beams of Sol delight and chear,

While summer seasons roll ;

But Sally's smiles can all the year

Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
Her presence bids the god of day
 With emulation glow :
Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice ;
The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora she'll perfume,
And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale ;
Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal ev'ry vale,
The stream meandering thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lafs or swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport ;
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

BRITANNIA; A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN discord ceas'd, and bloody broils no
 more

In war destructive shook this happy shore ;
 When carnage ceas'd, and death refus'd to stain
 With British blood the dreadful martial plain :
 Britannia rose, and with a grateful smile,
 In gentle accents, thus address'd her isle.

AIR.

Ye Britons, what nation like England can sing,
 In freedom we rise ev'ry day ;
 In freedom we sleep, and are blest with a king.
 'Tis a pleasure in all to obey ;
 Then, my children, encrease
 The sweet blessings of peace,

Let trumpets in melody join ;
While truth shall proclaim
George's virtues and fame,
Which on record for ever will shine.

RECITATIVE.

The sound seraphic reach'd the royal ear,
And gazing crowds the heav'nly accents hear ;
Reviving joy returns in ev'ry breast,
War disappear'd, and peace the kingdom blest ;
The happy isle no greater blessing seeks,
The monarch rises, and thus nobly speaks :

AIR.

Britannia, be assur'd I pride to see
Myself the monarch of a people free ;
Happy to govern o'er this blissful isle,
Where blessings on my subjects ever smile ;
As long as I the royal scepter bear,
My country's good shall be my greatest care ;
May peace continue, nor my people know
The casual griefs which from Bellona flow ;
Firm to Britannia's cause my arms shall sleep,
As long as England's foes their treaties keep ;
But if my lion is induc'd to roar,
Destruction hovers round the Gallic shore.

JESSY; OR, APRIL DAY.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WHILE the bee flies from blossom to blossom,
and sips,
And my Jessy looks buxom and gay ;
Let me hang on her neck, and taste from her lips
All the sweets of an April day.

The shepherd his flock, the rustic his plough,
The farmer with joy views his hay,
And Jessy, my charmer, when milking her cow,
Sings the sweets of an April day.

Like snow-drops with innocent sweetness array'd
As blithsome and chearful as May,
My Jessy, the pride of all the gay mead,
Sung the sweets of an April day.

Remember, dear Jessy, and use well your pow'r,
Your rose-buds then pluck while you may :
And guiltless enjoy all the sweets of this hour,
For youth's but an April day.

A RECRUITING SONG.

Sung at SADLER'S WELLS.

COME, volunteers, come
To the head of the drum,
And all you can muster along with you bring ;
Leave masters and mothers,
And fathers, and brothers ;
Nor think of a duty, but that to your king.

Thou'rt active, young neighbour,
Then throw off thy labour,
And swop thy base pillow for bed of renown ;
Dick, Harry, and Hugh,
Won't you do so too ?
A guinea I'll give you, d'y'fee, and a crown.

Good linen and cloaths,
With hats, shoes, and hose,
For a gentleman soldier fit every thing ;
To my quarters then come,
Beer, brandy, and rum,
Swig your bellies full—God save the king.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

'T IS a twelvemonth ago, nay perhaps they are
twain,

Since Thyrsis neglected the nymphs of the plain,
And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows
along,

To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song.

What at first was but friendship, soon grew to a
flame,

In my heart it was love, in the youth's 'twas the
same ;

From each other we sought not our passion to hide,
But who should love most was our contest and pride.

But prudence soon whisper'd us, Love not too well,
For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell ;
And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its
side,

The grave ones will scorn, and a mother must
chide.

Afraid of rebuke, he his visits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
But to tarry with patience a season more kind ;
So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid ;
If we fight for each other, ah ! quit not your care ;
Condemn the god Cupid, but bless the fond pair.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

A Wit and captain strove, Sir,
To gain a lady's love, Sir ;
And warm in competition,
 To please his mistress most.
The bravo, like a warrior,
Thought he by storm shou'd carry her,
And swore he'd guard her person
From danger and aspersion,
 And she shou'd be his toast.

The poet softly told her,
That tho' he was no foldier,
He'd make her fame eternal,
In Magazine or Journal,
 And sing away her cares.
The lady then reflecting
Whose parts were most affecting,
Thought spark of tuneful merit
Outweigh'd the blust'ring spirit,
 And thus her mind declares.

My honour wants no Hector
To be its stern protector ;
No Myrmidon to frighten,
But Phaon to delight in ;
 So, captain, march along.
'Tis gentle wit and breeding,
Is worth a lady's heeding ;
No hopes our hearts of gaining,
Without first entertaining ;
 So let me have a song.

But just then in the nick, Sir,
A squire of silver quick, Sir,
With gold-knot on his rapier,
Who well could cut a caper,
 Now play'd before her eyes.
His air and dress so taking,
Without the pains of speaking,
This most engaging youngster,
By far outshone the songster,
 And danc'd off with the prize.

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THE HUMOROUS LASS.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

SMART Doll of the green, who lov'd mirth as
her life,

By many a swain was requested to wife ;
Her figure was graceful, and comely her face,
Yet in her affections no man had ta'en place ;
The squire of the vill took it into his head,
That he by great proffers could win her to bed ;
But all his fine artifice Dolly thro' saw,
And baulk'd the poor squire with a hearty ha ! ha !

Next Hodge of the vale all his flame did impart,
Who knew nothing more than a plough or a cart ;
With aukward address he made a strange fuss,
Turn'd his hat o'er his thumb, and begg'd for a
buss.

The lout fetch'd a sigh, and cry'd 'deed Doll 'tis
true,

Ife love thee most woundily, i'faith, girl I do ;
But she flapp'd his fool's chaps and bid him with-
draw,

So sent him away while she laugh'd ha ! ha !

The next was a fellow so smart and so spruce,
Who caper'd and sung, 'mong the girls play'd the
deuce,

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And poor Doll thought to serve as the rest,
 But she was too sharp, and of him made a jest.
 Quoth Doll, I'll ne'er wed till I meet with a man!
 Much less let a fop my affections trapan;
 And said, such a thing she before never saw,
 But hop'd he'd excuse it, and laugh'd out ha! ha!

With the ladies, I know, 'tis a primitive rule,
 Much better be plagu'd with a knave than a fool;
 And others, again, this opinion impart,
 Their eyes they will please if they torture their
 heart.

From these I dissent, but approve of the plan
 That Dolly laid down, till you meet with your
 man;

Then your hands and your hearts may unite with-
 out flaw,

And your conjugal state be one scene of ha! ha!

A GOOD-FELLOW'S WILL.

SHOULD I die by the force of good wine,
 'Tis my will, when I fall, that a tun be my
 shrine;

And for the age to come,

Engrave this story on my tomb:

Here lies a body once so brave,

Who with drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,
And raise an everlasting name,

Drink, drink away, and dare to be nobly in-
terr'd :

Let misers and slaves
Sneak into their graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard.

THE MILITIA MARCH.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

HARK ! the loud drum ;
Hark the shrill trumpet sounds to arms ;
Come, Britons ! come :
Prepar'd for war's alarms,
Whilst in array we stand,
What Frenchman dares to land ?
Sure in the attempt to meet his doom ;
A leaden death, or a wat'ry tomb.
The Britons brave,
On land or wave,
Will invaders defy ;
Will repulse them, or die,
And scorns to live a slave.

L. 2.

Recal the days
When bravely your forefathers fought ;
When, crown'd with praise,
They martial glory sought.
Bid their high deeds inspire !
Bid Magna Charta fire !
Greatly they labour'd for our good ;
All forms of tyranny withstood.
These we defy :
On our own strength rely.
What Briton so base,
Would his country disgrace,
And from his colours fly ?

Now party spite
No more our measures will oppose ;
For all unite
'Gainst our insulting foes.
All then in chorus sing,
Long live our gracious king !
Fill to George the sparkling bowl ;
Hand it round, each loyal soul.
Rise patriot fame !
Thy glories proclaim :
Who his sword boldly draws
In his country's cause,
Will win a deathless name.

Written by Mr. DAWRE.

YE songsters from ev'ry tree,
And all that inhabit the grove,
Come, listen a moment to me,
Whilst I sing in the praise of my love.
How blest and how happy's your state !
You can bask in the beams of her eyes ;
But, alas ! sad to tell, cruel fate
To me the dear blessing denies.

Ye lambkins who play at her feet,
And enjoy her sweet smiles all the day,
I should think my bliss more than complete
In her presence one moment to stay :
Those beauties are hid from your eyes,
As bleating around her you stand ;
Ye feel no emotions arise
While contented ye feed from her hand.

In her all the graces do meet;
In her all the virtues combine;
With all that is lovely or sweet,
And all that is reckon'd divine.
Oh ! would she but smile on my lays,
'Twould more than compensate my pain ;
Ye poets contend for the bays,
Such trifles as these I disdain.

BLUE-EY'D NANCY.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

TH E flow'r of females, beauty's queen!
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
'Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy graceful air, and modest look,
Strike ev'ry shepherd's fancy O;
Thou'rt match for squire, for lord, or duke,
My lovely blue-ey'd Nancy O.

Oh! were I but some shepherd swain,
To feed my flocks beside thee,
To tend my sheep upon the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With thee to please my fancy O;
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I my blue-ey'd Nancy O.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
And smile at conqu'ring nations;

Might I possess, and still carefs,
This lass that strikes my fancy O!
For these are joys, and still look less,
Compar'd with blue-ey'd Nancy O.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment :
To teach my flock I never mist,
Kings are by God appointed ;
And those are damn'd that do resist,
And touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir ;
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
And pop'ry came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration :
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution,
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease this nation's grievance ;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance :
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance,
Passive-obedience was a joke,
And pish was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne ascends the throne,,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory :
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,,
And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
And then became a whig, Sir ;
And so perferment I procur'd
By our new faith's defender ;
And always every day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

The illustrious house Hanover,
 And protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear,
 While they can keep possession;
 For by my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be,
 Until the times shall alter.
 And his is law, I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir;
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be vicar of Bray, Sir.

Sung at RANELAGH.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green
 hill,

And I at ewe-milking first shew'd my young skill;
 To bear the milk bowie nae pain gave to me,
 So at eve I was blest with thy piping and thee:
 For aye as I milk'd, and aye as I sang,
 My yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-
 bells

Bloom'd bonny on moreland, or sweet rising fells;
 Nae birns, briers, or brakens, gave trouble to me,
 So I eat the sweet berries when gather'd by thee:.

For aye as I walk'd, and aye as I sang,
My yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

When you ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was aye fain;
Give me still all these pleasures, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee:
For aye as I wedded, and aye as I sang,
My yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

A WELCH LOVE-SONG.

SOME sing Molly Mogg of the Rose,
And call her the Oakingham Pelle;
Whilst others do ferses compose
On peautiful Molly Lepelle.

Put of all the young fergins so fair,
Which Pritain's crete monarchy owns;
In peauty there's none to compare
With hur charming tear Gwinifrid Shones.

Unenviet the splentit contition
Of princes that sit upon thrones:
The highest of all hur ampition
Is the lose of fair Gwinifrid Shones.

Pold mortals the clobe will searoh ofer
For cold and for tiamond stones ;
Put hur can more treasure tiscofer
In peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.

Not the nightingale's pitiful note
Can exprefs how poor Shenkin bemoans
His fate, when in places remote
Hur is absent from Gwinifrid Shones.

Hur lose ifs than honey far sweeter,
And hur is no Shenkin ap drones ;
Put hur would lapour in prose and in metre,
To praise hur tear Gwinifrid Shones.

As the harp of Saint Tavit surpasses
The pagpipes poor tweetles and crones ;
So Lepelle, Molly Mogg, and all lasses,
Are excell'd by hur Gwinifrid Shones.

Sung in Comus.

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
Where to my swain I oft have sung,
Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
As o'er the airy steep they hung.
The mossy cave, the goats remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the trembling vale I pass.
And sigh to see the well-known shade,
I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
Each flower in pity drops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

Sung in the WIVES REVENGER.

MASTER Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And swore he'd ne'er be married,
But 'gainst each husband threw some wipe,
Or dry jest drolly carried.
Master Jenkins thought a wife
The greatest mortal evil,
And swore to lead a husband's life
Must be the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe
At home, content, and married,
Regardless of each sneer or wipe,
Or dry jest drolly carried :
Master Jenkins swore a wife
Was not so great an evil ;
And any but a husband's life
Was now the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And had been some months married ;
Severely now he felt each wipe,
For horns the poor man carried :
Master Jenkins curs'd his wife,
And swore of such an evil
To get well quit he'd part with life,
Or send her to the devil.

ROBIN HOOD.

AS blithe as the linnet sings in the green wood,
So blithe we'll wake the morn;
And, thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind the bugle horn.

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood;
Bold Robin disdains to fly;
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sher-
wood
Or vanquish, boys, or die.

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are
good,
As well their masters know;
They're cut in the forest of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er will spare a foe.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow-deers blood;
We'll hunt them o'er the plain;
And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
No shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never subdu'd,
Gave each his hand so bold;
We'll reign thro' the forest of merry Sherwood;
What say, my hearts of gold!

THE VIRGIN MONITOR.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

YE virgins of Britain, who wisely attend
The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say;
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand;
Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand;
Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,
And Phoebus' bright smile cheers the juvenile
year;

When the birds chant their amorous notes from
each spray,

Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Should Flora propose you the vernal delight
Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight:

In her meadows and fields should you frolic and
play,

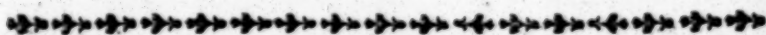
Beware, O beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briskly flows, the all-eloquent eyes
Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise;

The bosom quick-panting with force seems to say,
'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of May.

Should this amorous youth, this soft scene to improve,

With ardour implore the reward of his love;
If Hymen attend you, his dictates obey,
For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.



THE TEAR.

Written by the late Queen of DENMARK.

HOW prone the bosom is to sigh !
How prone to weep, the human eye !
As thro' this painful life we steer,
This valley of the sigh and tear.

When by the heart with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd,
With ev'ry comfort that can cheer ;
'Tis then bright virtue's grateful tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends long absent meet once more,
Fraught with delight, and love sincere ;
'Tis then sweet friendship's joyful tear.

When two fond lovers doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear ;
'Tis then, O then ! the parting tear.

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation sign'd,
(The end of earthly being near ;)
'Tis then soft pity's gentle tear.

If on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop should once appear ;
'Tis then the lovely, beauteous tear.

When mothers, (O ! the grateful sight)
Their children view with fond delight ;
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the fond, maternal tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,
To whom their fond attention's paid,
With conscious blushing sobs draw near ;
'Tis then the lovely, pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind,
By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd,
Behold their dreaded parting near,
'Tis then, O then ! the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with sins oppress'd,
Strikes in an agony his breast ;
When torn with guilt, remorse, and fear ;
'Tis then the best, the saving tear.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

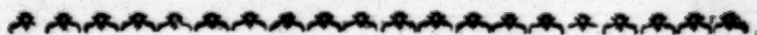
LET the declining damask rose
With envious grief look pale ;
The summer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the dale.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
Or scents the morning gale,
Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the dale ?

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale :
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the dale !

The willow binds Pastora's brows,
Her fond advances fail :
For Damon pours his warmest vows
To Fanny of the dale !

Might honest truth, at last, succeed,
And artless love prevail :
Thrice happy could he tune his reed
With Fanny of the dale !



A FAVOURITE SONG.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses ;
Noble deeds are done by wine ;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces :
Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe when just going
In the moment to be kind !

Alexander hated thinking ;
Drank about at council board ;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

AH! Chloris, could I now but fit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain!
When I this dawning did admire,
And pray'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals, in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfections prest,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with her beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, she
Employ'd the utmost of her art;
To make a lover, he.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

TELL me, lasses, have you seen,
Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
Beauty's son, a little boy,
Full of frolic, mirth, and joy ?
If you know his shelter, say ;
He's from Venus gone astray :
Tell me, lasses, have you seen
Such a one trip o'er the green ?

By these marks the god you'll know,
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poison sure to human hearts :
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound,
Is his piercing arrow found ;
While the bosom'd heart it pains,
No external mark remains ;
Reason's shield itself is broke,
By the unsuspected stroke.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie
 Basking in the sunny eye:
 Or his destin'd prey he seeks
 On the maiden's rosy cheeks:
 Snowy breasts, or curling hair,
 Oft conceal his pleasing snare.
 Tell me lasses, &c.

She that the recess reveals
 Where the god himself conceals,
 Shall a kiss receive this night
 From him who is her heart's delight;
 To Venus let her bring the boy,
 She shall taste love's sweetest joy.
 Tell me, lasses, have you seen
 Such a one trip o'er the green?

A FAVOURITE SONG.

NOW hear me, dear Nanny, nor treat with disdain

The voice of my passion, the words of my pain;
 Thou dear source of all, 'tis to you I complain,
 Then pr'ythee, now hear me, dear Nanny!

By all those bright charms that appear in your
 face,
 By those eyes far outshining bright Phœbus's rays,

By thy bosom where dwells ev'ry virtue and grace,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By thy sweet ruby lips, where true eloquence
dwells,

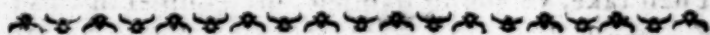
Whose sweets all the sweets of fam'd Hybla excels,
Whose accents alone all my anguish expels,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By thy dearest dear self, fraught with charms so
complete,

By all that is lovely, and all that is sweet,
By love, that now makes me to sigh at your feet,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!

By Hymen's bright torch, and by Cupid's bright
flame,

By all that you love, and by all I can name,
By your spotless honour, your virtue and fame,
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Nanny!



Sung at VAUXHALL.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the
plain;

I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witness his
flame ;

Oh ! take these (he cry'd) thou, more fair than
their fleece !

I could hardly say No, tho' asham'd to say Yes.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove,
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his
love ;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss ?
I design'd to've said No, but mistook, and said Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his
breast ;

Ye gods (he cry'd) Chloe will now make me blest ;
Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss ;
To prevent being teiz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life ;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife :
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this ;
You must all die old maids, if you will not say Yes.

SOMETHING NEW.

HERE attend all ye swains,
And ye nymphs of the plains,
Quit your flocks and your herds for a while;
Hither quickly repair,
In our mirth a part share,
And each lass her love meet with a smile.

Hark, the drum Hymen beats !
Hark, how echo repeats
The sweet sound, as it flies swift away !
O'er hills, and o'er dales,
Ev'ry ear it assails,
And mocks their long, tedious delay.

O ! how happy is he,
That contented can be,
To enjoy the best treasure of life ;
All he'd wish here to gain,
He'll be sure to obtain,
In a prudent and sensible wife.

Should the rover pretend
That these joys will soon end,
And that love will expire with the moon ;
Mark how pain and disease
The lewd libertine seize,
Ere he reaches the height of life's noon.

N

But how wretched indeed,
He whom fate has decreed
From the arms of his fair-one to part;
All endeavours are vain
To assuage the sharp pain
Which is felt in a love-troubled heart.

Though life's busy scene
May oft help to serene
And disperse the dark clouds of despair;
Yet when night's silent noon
Helps to add to it's gloom,
Who can say what the mind suffers there!

Haste this day to employ,
Thus devoted to joy,
And with innocent mirth let's abound;
Thus in chorus we'll sing,
While the forest shall ring
With the burthen of music's soft sound.

May all present attain
A life free from pain,
Ever strangers to discord and strife;
May the single soon find,
In the maiden that's kind,
The joys of an amiable wife!

Written by Dr. BROWN.

MY time, O ye muses ! was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me where-ever I went ;
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast ;
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest !
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !
When things were as fine as could possibly be ;
I thought 'twas the spring, but, alas ! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep ;
I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known ;
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart, I am sure, weighs more than a
pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas musick to hear :

But now she is absent, I walk by it's side,
And still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide ;
Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain !
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain!

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes
play,
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the
time,
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their
prime !
But now in their frolicks when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass.
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well-pleased to see,
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me ;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow ; and patted his head :
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look,
Cry Sirrah ! and give him a blow with my crook :
And I'll give him another ; for why should not
Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away ?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I
seen!

How fair was the flower, how fresh was the
green!

What a lovely appearance the trees and the
shade,

The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing
made!

But since she has left me, though all are still
there,

They none of them now so delightful appear;

'Twas nought but the magick, I find, of her
eyes,

Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet musick went with us both all the wood
thro',

The lark, linnet, throftle, and nightingale too;

Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,

And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet:

But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,

The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;

Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,

Gave ev'ry thing else it's agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?

And where is the violet's beautiful blue?

Does aught of it's sweetness thy blossoms beguile?

That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?

Ah! rivals! I see what it was that you dress
And made yourselves fine for; a place in her breast:

You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, till my Phebe return,
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;

Methinks if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't, when she is here.
Ah! Colin! old time is so full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster, for all thou canst say.

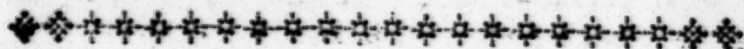
Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove:

But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.

SONGSTER.

151

Ah ! what shall I do ! I shall die with despair !
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.



Sung in the GOLDEN PIPPEN.

IF I have some—little—beauty—

Can I help it ?—no, not I—

Some good luck, too—'tis my duty

Gifts so precious to apply.

Nature—fortune—gave 'em freely,

And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.

If the smarts of the sky

Cringe, ogle, and sigh,

Whene'er I pass by ;

And cry,

Look y' there !

What an air !

Gods, how fair !

Pray, why

(To feed your starch'd pride)

Must I go and hide,

'Till you're made a bride ?

Who, I ?

No, no—If I do, may I die.

Sung in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment !
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content ?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known : -
But, oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does
 prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her
 flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare
 name !.

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the
 charms !
How delightful embraces ? how peaceful her
 arms !
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :

Love's art to use,
While strangers to it's passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie,
Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hause thee.
Love gie's the word,
Then haste on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man.



A FAVOURITE SONG.

IN story we're told,
How our monarchs of old
O'er France spread their royal domain;
But no annals can show
Their pride laid so low,
As when brave George the Second did reign,
Brave boys.

Of Roman and Greek,
Let fame no more speak,
How their arms the old world did subdue;

Thro' the nations around,
Let our trumpets now found,
How Britons have conquer'd the new,
Brave boys.

East, West, North, and South,
Our cannon's loud mouth
Shall the rights of our monarch maintain ;
On America's strand
Amherst limits the land,
Boscawen gives law on the main,
Brave boys.

Each port and each town
We still make our own,
Cape-Breton, Crown-Point, Niagar ;
Guadaloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall,
Shall prove we've no equal in war,
Brave boys.

Tho' Conflans did boast
To conquer our coast,
Our thunder soon made monsieur mute ;
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
Then bounc'd on his prey,
And gave him an English salute,
Brave boys.

At Minden, you know,
How we conquer'd the foe,
While homeward their army now steals;
Tho' (they cry'd) British bands
Are too hard for our hands,
Begar we can beat them in heels,
Morbliou !

While our heroes from home
For laurels now roam,
Shou'd the flat-bottom boats but appear ;
Our militia shall show,
No Coden-shoe foe
Can with freemen in battle compare,
Brave boys,

Our fortunes and lives,
Our children and wives,
To defend is the time now, or never ;
Then let each volunteer
To the drum-head repair ;
King George and Old England for ever,
Brave boys.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

WE have no idle prating,
Of either whig or tory ;
But each agrees
To live at ease,
And sing or tell a story.
Fill to him,
To the brim,
Let it round the table roll :
The divine
Tells us wine
Cheers the body and the soul.

We're always men of pleasure,
Despising pride and party ;
While knaves and fools,
Prescribe us rules,
We are sincere and hearty.
Fill to him, &c.

If an accepted Mason
Should talk of high or low church ;
We'll fet him down
A shallow crown,
And understand him no church.
Fill to him, &c.

The world is all in darkness;
 About us they conjecture,
 But little think
 A song and drink
 Succeed a Mason's lecture.
 Fill to him, &c.

Then landlord bring a hog'shead,
 And in the corner place it;
 Till it rebound
 With hollow sound,
 Each Mason here will face it.
 Fill to him,
 To the brim,
 Let it round the table roll;
 The divine
 Tells us wine
 Cheers the body and the soul.

THE MILLER'S WEDDING.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
 and to play,
 Let the tabor strike up and the village be gay.
 No day thro' the year shall more chearful be seen,
 For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we ?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a
bride,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd ;
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give
ground.
I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointers wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed ;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your
beaus,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
cloaths ;
In nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend, or his wife.
I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still ;

Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

GOD save great George our king!

Long live our noble king,

God save the king!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the king.

O Lord, our God, arise,

Scatter his enemies,

And make them fall:

Confound their politicks,

Frustrate their knavish tricks;

On him our hopes we fix;

God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,

On George be pleas'd to pour,

Long may he reign;

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

LET a set of sober asses
Rail against the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To set cold brains a thinking ;
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd :
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found .
Only where the glass goes round .

The ancient sects on happiness
All differ'd in opinion ;
But wiser rules
Of modern schools,
In wine fix their dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,

Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do its duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

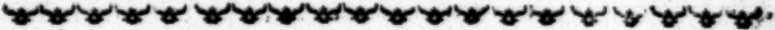
Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence poets are long-liv'd so;
'Twas no other main
Than brisk champaign,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, &c.

When heav'n in Pandora's box
All kinds of ill had sent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good,
Was cork'd up, to content us.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of ev'ry vice destroyer,
Gives dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine sets our joys a flowing,
Our care and sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's soul,

And a christian ne'er should own him :
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd :
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found
Only where the glass goes round.



A FAVOURITE SONG.

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine,
Let us offer up a hog'shead
Unto our master's shrine.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,
For I'll give a reason why ;
'Tis a great sin to leave a house,
Till we've drank the cellar dry.
And a toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
I drank the water clear ;
But Bacchus took me from that rule,
He thought 'twas too severe.
And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
And bade me take a sup;
But had it been a gallon pot,
By Jove I'd tofs'd it up.
And a toping, &c.

And ever since that happy time.
Good wine has been my chear;
Now nothing puts me in a swoon,
But water or small beer.
And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
And never flinch, nor fly;
But fill our skins brimful of wine,
And drain the bottles dry.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Sung in the Masque of ALFRED.

WHEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall :
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia. &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame ;
But work their woes, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore its circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair :
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves.

THE INFALLIBLE DOCTOR.

ADVICE your friend, grave man of art,
 I find a strange, unusual smart,
 'Tis here—fierce symptoms at my heart.

Discover.

'Tis pleasure, pain, a mix'd degree,
 My pulse examine, here's you fee;
 What think you can my sickness be?

A lover.

A lover!—'tis my case, too sure!
 O ease my straight—I'll not endure;
 Prescribe, I'll follow close the cure.

Take hope.

But if the (spite of speech or pen)
 Prove coy, or false with other men,
 Ah, doctor!—what expedient then!

A rope.



Sung in the JOVIAL CREW.

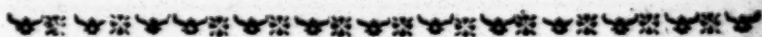
NO woman her envy can smother,
 Though never so vain of her charms;

If a beauty she spies in another,
The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her power grows less ;
Her poor little heart is still aching,
At sight of another's success.

By nature design'd, in love to mankind,
That different beauties should move ;
Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
Sole monarch in empire of love.

Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
And leave to your neighbours their due ;
If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two ;
No, no, you'll not be contented with two.



A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

WOU'D you gain the tender creature ?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her :
Suffring is the lover's Part :
Beauty by constraint possessing,

You enjoy but half the blessing ;
Lifeless charms, without the heart.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

ARISE, sweet messenger of morn,
With thy mild beam our skies adorn ;
For, long as shepherds pipe and play,
This, this, shall be a holy-day,
Holy-day, holy-day, holy-day,
This, this, shall be a holy-day.

See ! morn appears ; a rosy hue
Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue ;
Soon let us meet in trim array,
And frolick out this holy-day,
Holy-day, holy-day, holy-day,
And frolick out this holy-day.

CATCHES AND GLEES.



ADMIRAL KEPPEL,

A new CATCH by way of Sandwich, or bon Morceau,
The principal part not by Sir Hugh.

'T WAS you Sir, 'twas you Sir,
I tell you nothing new Sir,
'Twas you that kept from Keppel's wake,
'Twas you Sir Hugh.

Who Sir? Sir Hugh Sir,
Vice adm'ral of the blue Sir;
Bold Windfor twice aloud did call
To deaf Sir Hugh.

'Twas he Sir, 'twas he Sir,
'Twas he that cou'd not see Sir.
Who thought the day, the day was night,
'Twas blind Sir Hugh.

Oh! Sir, Oh! Oh! Sir,
And was it, was it so Sir,
Who lagg'd a-stern to knot and splice,
Do you know who?

P

FOR THREE VOICES.

JACK, thou'rt a toper,
 Jack, thou'rt a toper,
 Let's have t'other quart,
 Ring, ring, ring, ring;
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
 Ring, we're so sober, so sober,
 So sober, 'twere a shame to part;
 None but a cuckold, a cuckold,
 A cuckold, a cuckold,
 Bully'd by his wife,
 For coming, coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming, coming late,
 Fears a domestick strife;
 I'm free, and I'm free, and so are you,
 So are you, to call, knock, knock boldly,
 Knock boldly, knock boldly, boldly knock,
 Tho' watchmen cry past two o'clock.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

SOLDIER, soldier, take off your wine,
 And shake your locks, and shake your locks,

As I shake mine.

How can I my poor locks shake,

That have but ten ? I have

But ten hairs on my pate, and one of them

Must go for tithe, so there remains,

So there remains but four and five,

Four and five, and that makes nine,

Then take off your drink,

Then take off your drink,

As I take mine.



FOR THREE VOICES.

FYE, nay, prithee John,
Do not quarrel, man,
Let's be merry and drink about.
You're a rogue, you cheated me,
I'll prove before this company,
I caren't a farthing, Sir, for all you are so stout.
Sir, you lie, I scorn your word,
Or any man that wears a sword ;
For all your huff, who cares a t—d ?
Or who cares for you ?



T H E
I N D E X.

A

A S t'other day young Damon came	Page 7
A plague of those wenches ! they make such a po- ther.	8
As through the fields I chanc'd to stray	56
A Cheshire-man set sail for Spain	57
As Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay	58
Affist me, ye fair tuneful nine	18
As Delia, blest with ev'ry grace	68
A jolly brisk tar but a little time since	93
A wit and captain strove, Sir	119
As blithe as the linnet sings in the green wood	134
Ah ! Chloris, cou'd I now but sit	140
Advise your friend, grave man of art	166
Arise, sweet messenger of morn.	168

B

Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear	103
By the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill	37

Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree	20
By the side of the sweet river Tay	23
Blest as the immortal gods is he	67

C

Cot splutter o'nails	109
Come now all ye social powers	34
Come listen and laugh at the times	13
Come, volunteers, come	117
Come all ye jolly Bacchanals	163
Come, my never-frowning glass	47
Cupid, god of pleasing anguish	105

D

De'il tak' the wars that hurried Billy from me	29
Dear Chloe, come give me sweet kisses	73

F

From Paphos isle, so famed of old, I come	25
Fair's my Sally as the day	36
Farewell ye green fields, and sweet groves	83
Fair Kitty, beautiful and young	66
Fye, nay, prithee, John	172

G

God save great George our king	160
Gay Damon long study'd my heart to obtain	143

H

Hush ye birds your am'rous tales	32
----------------------------------	----

I N D E X

175

Hark the huntsman's begun to sound the shrill horn.	102
Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain	42
How sweetly smells the summer green	44
How blithe was I each morn to see	22
Hail masonry, thou craft divine	89
How happy was I	71
How fair is my love	70
Here attend all ye swains, and ye nymphs of the plain	145
Hark the loud drum	123
How prone the bosom is to sigh	136

I

I'm in love with twenty.	4
I sat on a bank by the side of a river	50
In a sycamore shade as I sat t'other day	59
In a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat	74
In all mankind's promiscuous race	61
I'd have a man of sense and air	62
I'm marry'd, and happy, with wonder hear this	85
In Paris city, they report for truth	90
In pursuit of some lambs, from my flocks that had stray'd	110
If those who live in shepherd's bow'r	101
If love's a sweet passion, how can it torment	152
If I have some little beauty	151
In good king Charles's golden days	127
Jolly mortals, fill your glasses	139
In story we're told	154
Jack, thou'rt a toper	171

L

Leave party disputes, your attention I pray	45
Let heroes delight in the toils of the war	65
Let the declining damask rose	138
Leave, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to play	158
Let a set of sober asses	161

M

My Nancy quits the rural plain	8
My father and mother, for ever they chide	35
My Jenny and I have toil'd	98
Matter Jenkins smok'd his pipe	133
My time, O ye muses, was happily spent	147

N

No nymph that trips the verdant plains	112
No woman her envy can smother	166
Now hear me, dear Nanny, nor treat with disdain,	142

O

O Nancy wilt thou go with me	1
Oh! how shall I, in language weak	28
O bonny lass, will ye lie in a Barrack	30
O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother	51
Of woman, to tell you my mind	64
On old England's blest shore	87
Orpheus with his lute, made trees	96
On ev'ry hill, on ev'ry grove	131

I N D E X.

177

P

Pho! pox o' this nonsense, I pr'ythee, give o'er	75
Pious Selinda goes to prayers	103

R

Rouse Britain's warlike throng	72
--------------------------------	----

S

Some how my spindle I mislaid	27
Say, little foolish flutt'ring thing	28
Sharp winter melts, and spreads her wing,	76
Shall I like an hermit, dwell	85
Since wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins de- pised	63
Sound the fife—beat the drum—to my standard repair	111
Smart Doll of the green, who lov'd mirth as her life	121
Should I die by the force of good wine	122
Some sing Molly Mogg of the rose	130
Soldier, soldier, take off your wine	171

T

The sprightly horn awakes the morn	6
The lark was up, the morning grey	9
The pride of all nature was sweet Willy, O	31
The lark's shrill notes awake the morn	32
'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blow- ing	49
To arms, to arms! Britannia calls	106
Too plain, dear youth, those tell-tale eyes	100

T'other day, in the strawberry vale	79
The morning op'd smiling, all nature was gay	16
Tom loves Mary passing well	17
The trav'lers that through deserts ride	47
The thund'ring drums did beat to battle	69
To ease his heart, and own his flame	109
'Tis a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they are twain	118
The flower of female beauty's queen	126
Tell me, lasses, have you seen	141
'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir	169

V

Vows of love should every bind

W

When the sheep were in the fauld, and the ky at home	33
When trees did bud, and fields were green	55
Wou'd you with her you love be blest	99
When Hobinol entreated Doll	77
Welcome, welcome, brother debtor	78
We'll drink and we'll never have done, boys	104
Why will Florella, when I gaze	105
Wou'd you taste the perfume of the morn	84
When quite a young spark	82
When forc'd from dear Hebe to go	14
When stern Achilles left the Grecian band	39
When discord ceas'd, and bloody broils no more	114
While the bee flies from blossom to blossom	116

I N D E X.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill	179 119
We have no idle prating	157
Wou'd you gain the tender creature	167
When Britain first at heav'n's command	164
While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah !	48
Were I as poor as wretch can be	92
While happy in my native land	97
Wind, gentle evergreen	170

Y

Ye mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend	38
Ye songsters from ev'ry tree	125
Ye virgins of Britain who wisely attend	135
Ye gales that gently wave the sea	159

THE END

138



